

The **Quill**

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS

THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

THOUGH it wasn't planned as a faculty number, it happens that this issue of THE QUILL is made up, with a single exception, of articles prepared by members of various college and university faculties. As usual, we were after variety and it so happened that variety could best be supplied in this issue by them.

Mitchell V. Charnley, of the journalism faculty at the University of Minnesota, is represented by a critical survey of the lists of "best" news stories of 1935. Harry Wood, Jr., of Ohio Wesleyan University, relates an interesting account of an interview with Billy Sunday; J. Douglas Perry, head of Butler's department of journalism, contributes a biographical sketch of Curtis D. MacDougall, former teacher, now editing the Evanston (Ill.) *News-Index*; and J. T. Salter, of the University of Wisconsin, paints a word picture of the average politician.

Those interested in magazines will find an article by John E. Drewry, head of the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia, concerning the South's outstanding literary quarterlies; Thomas W. Duncan's "So You Want to Take a Whirl at Fiction—" and J. Gunnar Back's widely followed "Lines to the Lancers."

YOUR response to the changed cover and type dress of THE QUILL—also the editorial content of the January and other issues—has been most gratifying to all of us associated with the magazine.

We probably will not be able to acknowledge all the letters—but we do want to register our appreciation to the following, first in the mail: Frank A. Petrie, of the public relations department of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, who said in part: "The new dress is extremely attractive. Commendation should not stop with appearance—editorial content is also due for its just share of praise."

Joseph Edelstein, of the Albany bureau of the *United Press* remarked: "Its editorial content, art, make-up, format, typographical and general appearance warrant admiration from all working newspapermen." From Man-

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Best News Stories of the Year?

By MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY

AMERICA loves its lists, particularly if they're superlatives. They usually are.

The All-America football team is made up of "best" players; the Wampas baby stars are Hollywood's "most promising" damsels. There are lists of best-dressed women, most intriguingly-constructed artist's models, most potent cocktails, most successful athletes, worst athletic flops, best-drawing motion pictures, best-selling books, nicest legs, most catastrophic catastrophes. Often there are several disputing lists of the same kind. And, to make sure we won't run out, they're picked annually.

Not the least among the lists, either in number or in interest, are those of "biggest"—or "most dramatic," or "most important," or just plain "best"—news stories of the year. It makes little difference what superlative is applied; the results are about the same. In five lists of 10 stories each for 1935, and one of 12, 20 different stories were named. Examination of the lists cannot but lead to conclusions that are likely to be disturbing.

LET'S look at them. Two come from *Associated Press* executives, one from a *United Press* executive, one from an *International News Service* executive, one from *Universal Service*, and one from a group of managing editors queried by the Columbia Broadcasting System (several of the lists, like the last, are consensuses). Their sources ought to know their news. Here is a summary, with the stories in order:

Five stories included on all lists were the Hauptmann case, the Italo-Ethiopian war, the invalidation of the NRA, the Huey Long assassination and the deaths of Will Rogers and Wiley Post.

Two stories on five lists only were the rearmament of Germany and the flight of the China Clipper to Manila.

A story on four lists only was the Florida hurricane.

Two stories on three lists only were the Supreme Court decision in the gold clause case and President Roosevelt's "breathing spell" and the improvement of business.

Three stories on two lists only were the extension of NRA, the Macon accident and the Mohawk disaster.

Seven stories listed once each were the stratosphere flight, the death of

LISTS of the best news stories of 1935 are remarkable for their "magnificent omissions," if nothing else, comments Mitchell V. Charnley, associate professor of journalism at the University of Minnesota, in the accompanying critical analysis of the selections made.

Examine the summaries of the lists. Do they contain stories you would have selected? What additions or omissions would you have made? It should be remembered, incidentally, that these lists were made before the Lindbergh "exile." Perhaps that story would have made the lists had they been drawn after that incident.

Mr. Charnley, an associate editor of *The Quill*, is a man of wide journalistic experience, having served on major newspapers in this country and abroad and on the staffs of several magazines. In addition, he has free-lanced extensively and is the author of several books.

Queen Astrid of Belgium, the dust storms of last spring, the kidnaping of George Weyerhaeuser, the divorce and remarriage of Barbara Hutton, the death of Kingsford-Smith and the matter of Philippine independence.

ANALYZE these 20 stories. Nine of them involve violence and death; six deal with political and governmental matters; four (if the China Clipper story is included) are of an international nature; three involve crime, one of these at the head of the list; three are included for little apparent reason except that "names make news"; one (two if the dust story is included) is a scientific story. (Several, of course, come under more than one heading).

Analyze them another way. You will be able to list 10 of the 20 under the heading "important"—important in the sense that they have a considerable bearing on the lives of a considerable number of persons. The other 10 can be termed little more than "interesting." You would hardly have guessed that, of the 20 biggest stories of the year, only 50 per cent would be important.

A third analysis will show you that, though the Hauptmann story was the highest scorer of the lot, only two lists put it in first place. Three put the Italo-Ethiopian war at the top; one the Rogers-Post deaths.

Ask yourself what has been the basis for selection of these stories. You're pretty sure to answer that you can't tell. The stories themselves, varying

as they do, don't let you in on the secret. The explanations published with them don't explain. You may guess that, since all of the lists except one come from wire services, the basis might be the volume of words sent over the trunks. But it might also be the response from telegraph editors, or the total papers the stories sold.

Or perhaps it's the academic basis used in reporting classes; that the basic elements in news are such things as importance, recency, unusualness, proximity, human interest and so on. Again, it might be the basis espoused by Will Irwin in his recent "Propaganda and the News"—departure from the normal, drama and gossip as major elements, with a seasoning of emotion and proximity.

AT ANY rate, it's perfectly obvious that there was little agreement among these six groups of authorities on a basis for selection. This is understandable. No two newspapers, no two newspapermen could agree on an absolute basis on which to evaluate news. The argument as to whether Hauptmann or Mussolini should be called the biggest news figure of the year—or whether it should be Roosevelt, Mickey Cochrane or Mickey Mouse—in the lack of any such absolute basis, is as impossible of decision as the argument between Karl Marx and Frank Kent. It isn't even possible to reduce the selections to a basis of reader interest; for, though many more newspaper readers read Hauptmann news

than war stories, three of the six lists put the war first.

As a matter of fact, the truth is probably that the basis for selection was nothing more tangible than the "news sense" which every newspaperman recognizes and none can define.

No city editor, no reporter, faced with a set of facts, says to himself, "Has this importance? recency?

human interest?" and so on. He says, simply, "This is a good yarn" or "This is worth about half a stick." If the story deals with new taxes, labor legislation or the like, he's likely to call it a good yarn somewhat grudgingly; he knows that it's significant and so deserves a play. But if it has drama, or humor, or pathos—or sex, or violence, or newsworthy names—he seizes it

avidly; it's a good story because it will be read, picayunish as it may be fundamentally. To me it seems most likely that this kind of rule-of-thumb judgment went into the selection of the "biggest" stories. The least one can say is that such a basis is decidedly unscientific.

In other words, most American ed-

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Billy Sunday Said to Me—

By HARRY E. WOOD, JR.

Instructor in Journalism, Ohio Wesleyan University

FOR 40 years Billy Sunday was front page news. For 40 years he reached—more widely and more effectively than any man of his generation—that great elusive "public" which is the common study of the journalist, the teacher, the



Harry E. Wood, Jr.

advertiser, and the orator. Out of this long public career his alert mind had formulated certain simple working rules for making effective contact with the common man. Some of these, which he told me in an impromptu interview shortly before his death, hold special value for the writer and journalist.

His first observation was: "People like a chance to relax. They like a chance to laugh. I use humor and illustrations and let them applaud. It gives them a chance to ease up and keeps them awake.

"Some communities," he declared, "are more demonstrative than others—New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, for example. The cities are more generous, better informed. They read the papers and listen to the radio. The city folks are way ahead of you. Give an illustration and they know what you're going to say before you say it.

"When I use an illustration, I cut out all the unnecessary words, and if I come across a long word I use a synonym. It's better to use a short word that everybody knows than a long word than only the college graduates understand. The average man has only 300 words in his vocabulary anyway."

HE glanced up and fixed me with his keen eyes as if to say "Education isn't everything" and added: "You know, only one-fifth of one per cent of the people of the country are college graduates.

"If a fellow had a piece of meat," he continued, "and held his nose and said, 'This meat is in an advanced state of chemical decomposition caused by bacteria' the college folks and some others would get it. But if he said, 'This meat is rotten,' everybody'd know what he meant.

"You know, when Lincoln wrote a speech one time that used the word 'sugar-coated' and read it to the cabinet, Seward, who was a smart, college-educated man, said 'That'll never do!' 'Well,' says Lincoln, 'you take the speech and find a word that'll do better.' The next morning Seward brought the speech back with the word still in it. He couldn't find anything else that would say the same thing to as many people.

"I've been accused of using slang. And you can find in my speech words from the campus and the lumberjacks and the cities; but, people know what I mean."

Although his voice had lost its old sturdiness, occasionally echoes of the resounding oratory of other days reverberated through his somewhat confused talk. Then he became clear and graphic and sprinkled his proverb-like sentences with the vernacular which he so strongly approves and which critics used to call "the idiom of the saloon, the gutter, and the yellow newspaper."

BILLY SUNDAY was always an avid and thorough reader of newspapers and a friend of newspaper reporters. They spoke his tongue. In this connection he related to me with relish the

story of a wartime prayer he gave before the House of Representatives. The applause was such that the reporters could not get verbatim copy as they had been told to do. "In order to make their stories agree," he said with a chuckle, "they cooked it up together and I had to help 'em out." Copies of the prayer, thus reconstructed, were later sent out to all constituents of congressmen and it became nationally famous.

Journalism, however, was not always highly esteemed by the evangelist, in contrast to other fields. One of the last remarks he made as I left concerned Glenn Frank as a journalist. I had mentioned attending the University of Wisconsin. "I guess you didn't know that the president of your school was on the road two years with me," he observed mournfully. "I picked him up out in Iowa and that boy would have made a wonderful evangelist. But he thought he had to be a *journalist*."

In the last word there was a strong distaste and the whole statement betokened a deep-rooted disappointment in Dr. Frank, former editor of *Century* magazine, and nationally known educator.

The unique angle of this late-evening interview was the fact that Billy Sunday came downstairs and chattered the entire time, clad only in B. V. D.'s. His lack of embarrassment before a stranger was typical of his informal human relationship with the public and the press in particular.

I had previously known of reporters interviewing celebrities in their dressing gowns. Millions had watched Billy Sunday peel off coat, collar and necktie in pulpits all over the land. But I believe few could match my experience of interviewing the veteran evangelist in nothing but his best Sunday underwear.

PRESENTING—THOMAS W. DUNCAN, who, as a reporter on the Des Moines Tribune, was one of the army of newspapermen who believe city room experience ought to fit a man for fiction and article writing. He is one of the comparatively few who has managed to do something about it. Defying the usual advice, he gave up his job and struck out free lancing. He has written and sold a goodly number of articles, short stories, plays and poems—his most recent works being a novel, "O. Chautauqua," which received gratifying reviews, and a book of verse, "Elephants at War." His long poem, "From a Harvard Notebook," won him the Lloyd McKim Garrison prize at Harvard, from which university he was graduated in 1929. He previously had attended Drake University.

So You Want to Take A Whirl at Fiction—

By THOMAS W. DUNCAN

THINK back. Let the years tumble off your shoulders to the days when you were ten years old. You knew nothing and cared less about Proust, the stream of consciousness, Freud, modern painting, the gold standard, eugenics. You would have yawned at their mention. You cared a great deal about baseball players, comic strips, western movies, air-rifles, marbles, sling-shots and general orneriness.

You were, then, about the mental age of the husky fellow who hauls your coal, the man who presses your pants, the policeman who bawls you out for double parking—of some fifty million Americans. Or perhaps a hundred and twenty million. Anyway, an appalling number.

Think back again. At ten, when you reached for a book, when you started a story, what did you want? Nice long descriptions? Involved narrations of the mental aberrations of the hero? Of course you didn't. You wanted a fast-paced yarn with the hero upright and red-blooded, with a black-souled, scheming villain who made the hero sweat. (Remember Horatio Alger's singularly prophetic portraits of country bankers?) You wanted the heroine a pure, sweet gal whose virtue guarded her better than iron weights on the hem of her skirt.

ALL right, you desire to write for the pulps. No, that's wrong: what you want is to cash some of the checks that pulp editors are sending out every day, but to cash those checks you must first cover a certain number of manuscript pages with a certain number of words. How are you to go about it?

Once more, consider the lowly truck driver. The distance between his eyebrows and hair-line may be short, but in his pocket there jingles a batch of coin. On occasion, he takes from his pocket one of these pieces of silver and exchanges it for a magazine printed on wood-pulp paper. To his home he repairs, removes his shoes, gazes at the brightly lurid cover. He opens the magazine, wrinkles his brow like a football player and starts to read.

Now let us suppose that by some freak of chance the first story was in the Henry James manner. Our friend would speedily flip the pages to the next yarn. And suppose it was in the William Saroyan manner, and the next was in the James Joyce manner, and the next in the manner of whomever is your favorite highbrow author. Would not the poor truck driver be perplexed? Would he not even be annoyed? Would he not fling the magazine at the cat? Would he not thereafter avoid that magazine as an honest man avoids a lawyer? Would he not tell his friends, "Naw, buddy, lay off that magazine"? Whereupon, would not that magazine fold, die, become insolvent?

The moral is obvious. I dwell on it at length only because I so earnestly desire that you should save postage and pulp editors' time.

YOU are, let us say, a newspaper reporter, and you want to break into the magazine field. How are you to go about it?

First, quit your job. That is the reverse of the advice usually given.



Thomas W. Duncan

Self-styled experts will tell you to hang on to the bread-and-butter job till your writing is making you a good income. Hooey, say I. As long as you stay a reporter, your other writing will be a side-line, a plaything. If you want to write, you must jump off the deep end and sink or swim. Writing fiction is hard, sweaty work, a full-time occupation demanding all the energy you can throw into it.

Having quit your job, you will probably almost starve. (It will be well for you to have a bit of change tucked away in a sock to sustain you.) But what if you do almost starve? You are trying to make a place for yourself in a field whose rewards to the successful are great. You are thinking of a career. You are thinking about where you'll be in ten years rather than of three meals a day right now. A starvation period is prerequisite to any career worth fooling with.

Once you're a free man, make a schedule. Go to your typewriter, whether you feel like it or not, and bang out a daily stint. Write a thousand words a day and at the end of a year you have written the equivalent of four and a half novels. Many of the words will be awful hash, but some are

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Curtis D. MacDougall

MANY a newspaperman of the old school still feels that a journalism instructor may do very well teaching the history of the craft and entertaining college boys and girls with lectures of uplift on the Ethics of Journalism, but for *real* newspapering—he wouldn't trust one to write an item about a covered-dish luncheon of the Ladies Aid! It's a part of the ancient American distrust of the academic.

Such veterans in the business will look with interest to Evanston, Ill. There the town's newspaper is edited by a young man whose past includes a term of teaching journalism. Even worse, that past is crowned with the academic world's pearl beyond price, the doctor of philosophy degree. The young man is doing a good job in spite of this. His newspaper is the *Evanston News-Index*. The young man is Curtis D. MacDougall.

AN influenza epidemic that closed the high school at Fond du Lac, Wis., in the war days, introduced MacDougall to the newspaper business. The boy's possession of enterprise and a bicycle got him a job with the *Daily Commonwealth* collecting obituaries. "Collecting" is the right word. It was that grim winter when mortalities reached such an appalling number that, to this schoolboy, pedaling through the streets with long lists of addresses, it almost seemed he was making a house-to-house canvass.

The career thus begun in an enforced vacation period he continued through high school, college, and thereafter, working for Wisconsin papers and then gravitating to Chicago to be employed by the *United Press*. It was this position that he gave up to take

It Happened One

A Professor Became an Editor, Put Preachings into Practice

By J. DOUGLAS PERRY

charge of the courses in journalism at Lehigh University with the faculty rank of assistant professor. There, in his newspaper laboratory, supervising a student newspaper that was attracting collegiate attention throughout the middle Atlantic states, he worked out many an idea and filed it away to be used on that ideal newspaper that every young newspaperman envisions and few realize.

After he had taught for several years at Lehigh, MacDougall found himself confronted with the problem that comes to many young college professors—that of obtaining the Ph.D. To get it he went to the University of Wisconsin and began the long grind that leads to a doctorate in sociology. As though that were not enough to take up all his time, he became full-time lecturer in Wisconsin's School of Journalism. And still fearful of idleness, he wrote a textbook, *Reporting for Beginners*, which schools and departments of journalism all over the country found to be one of the best.

When he received his doctor's silken hood, he should, for orthodoxy's sake, have gone the way of all Ph.D.'s—back to the classroom. Instead he went to St. Louis where he asked for and got a job on the *Star-Times*. Then he came to Evanston.

EVANSTON is a city of 60,000 persons whose heads of families, most of them, work in the suburb just south called Chicago. The stranger coming north on the elevated from Chicago knows that he has entered Evanston only by the fact that the conductor collects his ticket at the point of division, but the Evanstonian knows his community as a distinct corporate entity with a civic consciousness that refuses to be submerged by neighboring influences. Nationally famed as the home of Charles G. Dawes, Northwestern University, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, it has about it something of the sagacious-

ness, the learning, and the circumspection of each.

This is the class that is now under Dr. MacDougall's instruction. His methods of instruction are apparent on every page of the *News-Index*. By them he is not only teaching his Evanston readers something about current happenings but he is giving other and older editors a laboratory demonstration showing how to solve an interesting newspaper problem.

MacDougall's problem suggests in some of its aspects the problem which in another generation confronted Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*. Bowles recognized that the one thing he could do that the big New York and Boston papers that came into his territory every day could not do was to print every scrap of news in the Springfield area. MacDougall knows that he can't compete with the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Daily News*, and the two Chicago Hearst papers in their special coverage of far-flung news events. But he knows, too, that he can print material that his affluent Chicago neighbors cannot publish because of the character of their mass circulation.

It might be unfair, as well as inaccurate, to say Evanston's collective I. Q. is higher than that of Chicago's teeming populace. Certainly Editor MacDougall does not put it that way. It is evident, however, that the citizenry in this circumscribed residential area, homogeneous, staple, with a high percentage of the cultured and the propertied, will have reading interests different from those of the millions who live south of Howard Street. And the latter are the persons whom the Chicago papers must serve first.

EVANSTON readers, MacDougall believes, are unsatisfied with the who-what-when-where superficialities of conventional news coverage. They are interested not so much in what happened as in why it happened and,

Day!

if it is antisocial in nature, what is being done to prevent its recurrence.

Because of his readers' concern with the deeper reaches of news happening, MacDougall does not hesitate to make things take place which will highlight unrecognized conditions. Last spring when Evanston was having a municipal primary at a time when the legislature was considering a proposed state registration law, he sent an investigator, a resident of Chicago, to poll in Evanston precincts to show how easy it is for a political ringer to cast a ballot. The story of how in nineteen precincts the investigator "voted" by dropping in the ballot box a ballot on which he wrote "Compliments of the *News-Index*" was told next day on page one, with pictures and a complete log of the investigator's course.

More recently MacDougall ordered his telegraph editor to rewrite or to edit all telegraph copy to show what effect the event concerned would have on Evanston. Will a bill passed by the Congress affect any Evanston people or have bearing on an Evanston situation? Whether it will or it will not, the story in the *News-Index* makes that point clear.

The good newspaper, however, like the well-educated man, cannot be wholly parochial. That is especially true of a newspaper in the Evanston area. MacDougall knows he is competing not only with the Chicago pa-

pers but with the news magazines. Each Saturday, therefore, he runs a news review which brings together the episodic events from the week's news to show their antecedent and consequent relationships against a broad interpretive background.

That in itself is not unique, but it is unusual for a paper of comparatively small circulation to draw its own weekly pattern from the crazy-quilt of news instead of accepting the syndicated product of a press service or of one of journalism's heavy thinkers. MacDougall is assisted in doing this by advanced students in the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University. He has not yet entirely succeeded in divorcing himself from the classroom. Once a week he meets this group at the University. He assigns to each a large department of the week's news, asks him to edit it selectively, do whatever reading and research are necessary to build a sound, unifying background; then submit his report. These reports are verified, supplemented, and touched up in the office to give stylistic unity.

THE fact that he does serve readers who are able to look beyond Howard Street, beyond Cook County, beyond Springfield, beyond Washington, gives MacDougall an opportunity that he has made much of in meeting Chicago competition in his own community.

No splendid isolationist, he knows that what happens in Geneva, in Downing Street, in Addis Ababa, in Peiping, in Moscow will touch the intellectual interests of his readers even when they are lucky enough not to have their personal fortunes involved.

He cannot send special staff correspondents to these points but he can give to his readers material that the special staff correspondents are not sending back. Cable rates are too costly and white space too valuable to print stories that would interest fewer than 50 in a 1000 metropolitan readers. But MacDougall knows his clientele and he himself is a voracious reader—facts which explain the number of reprints and rewrites in the *News-Index* of events and articles of political, scientific, and sociological importance from foreign and American publications that would not come to the attention of the average alert reader. Noteworthy are the numerous stories with editor's notes in bold-face type preceding them to point out more clearly their significance or to paint in a brief background to insure proper interpretation.

"Highbrow stuff," the unreconstructed rebels of the trade may snort. "Schoolmarm journalism," echo the practical men. But in Evanston at least it seems to work.

ACADEMIC tags so dear to the hearts of cartoonists could hardly be applied to MacDougall the man. Six feet two inches tall, he is broad-shouldered, well proportioned. When he appeared at a convention of the American Association of Teachers of Journalism, where he had been invited to speak, he might have been mistaken for a halfback brought along by one of the pedagogues to carry his bags.

He thinks quickly, and talks rapidly and directly in the mid-West idiom.

MacDougall's office in the *News-Index* building opens directly upon the city room. He always knows in detail of the immediate problem and what his staff is doing about it. No banker's hours for him, he is as unsparing of himself as a cub reporter trying to make good on his first job.

Each Friday he joins in conference with the mechanical superintendent, the advertising and circulation managers, and the publisher where the work of respective departments is coordinated. Once every two or three weeks he calls together his editorial staff to take inventory of recent accomplishments, discuss policy, and plan for better performance in the stretch ahead. On occasion he takes over for a short time the duties of other staff members in order that he may not lose the point of view of one who actually does the job. He likes nothing better than to give himself a reportorial assignment. It is not uncommon to see him at a public meeting in Evanston not only as an inter-

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CAN'T you imagine the cracks a crowd of city room cynics would make at the idea of a journalism professor taking over the editorial direction of a newspaper in a town of 60,000 persons?

Perhaps you would be inclined to make a few yourself. Then read what DID happen when a former college professor, and a journalism professor at that, took over the editorial direction of the Evanston (Ill.) *News-Index*.

It is the story of Curtis D. MacDougall and the job he has done—is doing today. The *News-Index* is still coming out, and incidentally, attracting new readers and advertisers right along.

J. Douglas Perry, who tells the story, took the opposite track from Mr. MacDougall. He went from the city room to the classroom. He began newspaper work in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1919, covering turf news. Later he served as a reporter on the Indianapolis *Star* and then on the copy desk of the Indianapolis *News*. He left the latter paper in 1927 to go to Butler University as an instructor in journalism. He became acting head of the department in 1931 and later its head, a post he still holds.



John E. Drewry

THERE are today south of the Mason and Dixon line three literary magazines which have achieved national distinction. They are the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, the *Sewanee Review*, and the *South Atlantic Quarterly*. A fourth, which gives promise of equaling these in quality and prestige, is the *Southern Review*, established in the summer of 1935.

First appearing in April, 1925, the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, which is owned by the University of Virginia and was established by the late President E. A. Alderman, of that institution, aims to be a publication that is "liberal but reasonable, open to discussion of all topics and to all stimulating and interesting points of view." Its editors seek articles that are "neither technically dry nor learnedly dull; neither shallowly clever nor flippantly startling." The magazine hopes to be "both entertaining and provocative without violation of good taste or the loss of courtesy." Its editors regard their publication as "a focus for intelligent thinking." Commenting upon this point, they have said:

"The *Virginia Quarterly Review* makes its appeal and finds its audience among those who want entertaining reading, but who are equally averse to the loose thinking and popular prejudices of the large magazines and to the studied iconoclasm of the 'radical' journals. It is a focus for the thought of those who demand independent ideas, tolerance and good breeding in discussion, and vigor and charm of expression. Most of all, it is edited in the belief that no matter how 'good' a magazine may be, its first aim should be to engage the interest of its readers."

"The *Virginia Quarterly Review*

Voices of the South

National Distinction Won By Southern Literary Quarterlies

By JOHN E. DREWRY

publishes material of permanent literary value, but of keen immediate appeal. Its articles show a variety of interests; literary, political, economic, historical—in short, its field is human life, approached through essay and discussion, through poetry and creative prose. Contributions to the magazine come from every section of this country and from many foreign nations. . . . The *Virginia Quarterly* has made good its purpose of becoming a national organ of literature and independent thought. It does not advocate the cause of any institution, any class, or any section of the country, but gives voice to sanity and thoughtfulness in whatever field or cause they may present themselves. However, the place of its publication has made it assume, naturally, the position of the interpreter of the south to the nation."

EDITED until a few years ago by James Southall Wilson, who was succeeded by his able assistant, F. Stringfellow Barr, this publication has had on its advisory board such men as President Alderman, Albert Lefevre, John Calvin Metcalf, Garrard Glenn, Carroll Mason Sparrow, and Bruce Williams. The present editor is Lambert Davis. Among its contributors have been Newton D. Baker, Gamaliel Bradford, Dr. Joseph Collins, William E. Dodd, John Erskine, Raymond B. Fosdick, Douglas Freeman, George McLean Harper, Archibald Wilson, Gerald W. Johnson, Arthur Symons, and L. Frank Tooker. Parts of several notable books have appeared in this magazine, including Mr. Bradford's "Wives," Dr. Collins' "The Doctor Looks at Biography," Louis Untermeyer's "Modern American Poetry," and Waldo Frank's "Virgin Spain."

Upon the occasion of its tenth anniversary, the *Virginia Quarterly* published a special edition which contained a restatement of its policy, in which the following significant paragraphs appeared:

"When the *Virginia Quarterly* was founded, its announced aim was to be an 'organ of liberal opinion.' Perhaps the notion of liberalism even in 1925 lacked complete intellectual clarity; but it could be used to define a general purpose which most intelligent men believed they understood. The major changes of the past decade have grown out of attacks upon, and defenses of, what has been called 'the liberal point of view,' as it has been maintained in dealing with the problems of economics, politics, and intellectual activity in general. Unfortunately, in the battle over liberalism the word has lost any preciseness that it may once have possessed, until it has become a mere tag, of high emotional potentiality, attached to whatever attitude or program its advocates most approve or its opponents most condemn. When the *Virginia Quarterly's* policy in selecting contributions is described as liberal, the word is used in an older and more precise sense, and refers to the belief that a free interaction of opposing ideas is a necessary condition for the humanizing of knowledge. The editors of the *Quarterly* believe that there is still a place in the field of periodical literature for a magazine which attempts to promote a free play of ideas, and that readers exist who enjoy the free play of ideas."

PROUDLY describing itself as "the oldest living literary periodical published in the south," the *Sewanee Review*, founded in 1892 and published at the University of the South, is a second important literary journal in this section. This magazine makes a claim similar to that of the *Virginia Quarterly Review* with reference to its scope, thus:

"Although published in the south (the *Sewanee Review*) is not southern in any merely parochial sense, but seeks to survey the field of letters and the humanities in a broad catholic spirit, and believes, in so doing, that it

is loyal to the best inspiration of the 'old south.' Its contents are of permanent value to thinking men and women everywhere who read English."

Dr. William S. Knickerbocker, editor of this magazine, who is professor of English in the University of the South, says that "our policy inclines more to criticism than to description." The magazine is recognized, he says, as "a free and sincere organ of pure culture." The late Gamaliel Bradford, one of the contributors to the publication, described its distinctive qualities as follows:

"I know of nothing in the country that has exactly the same function as the *Sewanee Review*, and it is a function of very great importance. All the large magazines . . . are too much occupied with so-called 'timely' matters. We have nothing like the English reviews, to view the word a little more 'sub-specie aternitatis.' This the *Sewanee Review* aims to do and does creditably."

Gorham Munson, critic and formerly editor of *Secession*, has called attention to the fact that the *Sewanee Review* is not only the oldest literary magazine in the south but is "the oldest living critical and literary quarterly in the United States. Beside it the *Yale Review*, founded in 1911, is youthful, and the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, founded in 1925, scarcely more than an infant," he writes.

PREFACED by the *University of the South Magazine*, begun in 1890 to live but a year, the *Sewanee Review* was launched two years later under the guiding hands of that distinguished scholar, William Peterfield Trent. The magazine, according to an initial announcement, was to be devoted "to such topics of general theology, philosophy, history, and literature as require

fuller treatment than they receive in the popular magazines and less technical treatment than they receive in the specialist publications. In other words, the *Review* will conform more nearly to the type of English reviews than is usual with American periodicals."

When Prof. Trent was called to Columbia University in 1900, John Bell Henneman succeeded him as editor. Mr. Henneman died in 1908. During a brief interim the faculty of the University of the South edited the magazine. In November, 1909, Dr. John MacLaren McBryde became editor. He was succeeded in 1919 by George Herbert Clarke, who in turn was followed by Dr. Knickerbocker in 1925.

COMMENTING upon the *Sewanee Review's* particular contributions to the section in which it is published, Dr. Knickerbocker recently wrote:

"Although the *Sewanee Review* is not strictly regionalist, it has always stimulated creative writing in the South and has continuously published essays on themes relating to the South and poems by Southerners which reflect Southern feeling and traditions. Among other notable achievements, it has been quick to sense new stirrings of the creative impulse and has, indeed, during the last ten years provided the means of publication for Southern writers now commanding widespread deference.

THE *South Atlantic Quarterly*, the third of the southern literary magazines, is likewise associated with an institution of higher learning. It is published by the Duke University Press. Established in 1902 by the South Atlantic Publishing Company, members of the editorial board of this magazine have included William H. Wanna-

maker, William T. Laprade, Newman I. White, and Calvin B. Hoover, Henry R. Dwire is managing editor in charge of the magazine.

The *South Atlantic Quarterly* was begun primarily, according to its publishers, as "a medium of opinion concerning southern questions—historical, economic, and literary." Although the magazine has not forgotten its original purpose, its pages have been opened to articles on national and international questions also. A list of the contributors would contain names from every section of the country, the editors note with pride.

"The *Quarterly* thus appeals to a variety of interests and affords to thoughtful writers a means of making known their views," say the editors. "Its success in serving the purpose for which it was founded is evidenced by the frequent citation of its articles in works dealing with the history and problems of the past quarter of a century. Its files are invaluable for reference libraries, especially for the materials they contain on southern history and on current problems in the south."

The editors of this magazine think that it is a significant fact that recent articles in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* have received editorial comment from many of the outstanding newspapers of the country, and in several instances reprints of articles, or substantial portions, have been published.

THE fourth and youngest of the southern literary magazines is the *Southern Review*, published by Louisiana State University. The first issue of this periodical, which is published quarterly, bore the date of July, 1935, and contained contributions by a number of persons known nationally and internationally. Some of these were Herbert Agar, for a number of years editor of the *English Review*, now an editor of The Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal*, and author of the 1934 Pulitzer prize-winning history, "The People's Choice" and of the more recent "Land of the Free"; Ford Maddox Ford, founder of the *English Review* and the *Transatlantic Review* and author of numerous books; John Peale Bishop, winner of Scribner's long story contest; Donald Davidson of Vanderbilt University; Aldous Huxley, author of "Point Counter Point," etc.; Manley O. Hudson, Bemis professor of international law at Harvard and a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration; and John Donald Wade, professor of English in the University of Georgia and author of "Augustus Baldwin Longstreet" and "John Wesley."

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RESUMING the series of articles on outstanding American magazines and the men and women responsible for making them what they are, *The Quill* brings you this month something of the history, scope and attainments of the South's literary quarterlies.

While these magazines are edited and published below the Mason and Dixon line they are far from sectional in their outlook, interpretation and appeal, John E. Drewry reveals in his analysis.

Prof. Drewry, director of the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia, is keenly interested in American periodicals. He has done considerable research in that field in connection with a course on American magazines which he conducts. He has contributed previously to this series, which has now treated of more than a dozen major magazines in a wide variety of fields.



J. T. Salter

NEWSPAPERMEN, more than any other group of individuals, should be interested in politics and politicians.

First, because people generally are interested in politicians and politics and what interests the greatest number of people is, I understand, news. Second, because everything that the government is doing and has been doing affects to some degree the lives of every one of us. It would seem that people are bound to become more and more politically minded.

Moreover, the career men of politics are the politicians. They are the engineers who not only operate the governmental machine but also get the voters registered, see that they are interested in the campaign and frequently take them to the polls. Without them American democracy as we know it would cease to function. It seems to me, therefore, highly essential that every newspaperman know the politician and what he does.

WHAT I have to say about the politician is based on more than a thousand talks that I have had with several hundred Philadelphia politicians, including 90 per cent of the most powerful ones in the city. What I learned from and say about them would, I feel, apply to the genus politician generally.

To begin, let me characterize politics as a symphony of human nature. It consists of a rich variety of individuals playing many parts, each group from its own score and according to its own direction—all parts, however, producing the resultant whole that is an organic thing. It is not a barrel organ with only one tune. And what it is depends not only upon the individuals in politics, but the economic condition of the people, and the Zeitgeist.

Politicians vary widely in appearance, degree of educational training and ability, yet the function of more than 95 per cent of those in the organization is the same. Whether he be illiterate or the holder of two university degrees, a racketeer or a vestryman in the Episcopal Church, he must serve the people. If the university-trained man advances farther than the man who never finished grammar school it will be because he has made himself the more useful of the two, to his constituents or the organization. Service or service's worth is the thing that counts in the long run in organization politics. There is no substitute for either.

What the service is depends finally upon what a substantial number of people in a given district want. Of course the politician, like Lippmann's Congressman, never thinks of dissipating his energy on public affairs; he prefers to do "a little service for a lot of people on a lot of little subjects, rather than to engage in trying to do a big service out there in the void." And the man who remains ward committeeman or Congressman for a period of years is, in a measure, satisfying compelling wants. The want may be either social or anti-social in nature. It may support the government or it may cause the public officials to become an agency for foiling the government. In either case the politician of high or low estate is standing between the citizen and the law; he is the human equation between the voter and his state.

The politician is a natural phenomenon, not a legal device; and he is a prototype of his people, not a "sport" or a freak; he is one of them. In fact, in viewing a politician that had been representing the people for 10, 20, 30, or more years, I have often felt that I was seeing his constituency in miniature—not all of it, but its basic quality. In normal times he is the expression of the general tenor of his people. Similarly the late Senator La Follette was descriptive of Wisconsin, Alfalfa Bill Murray of Oklahoma, and Vare of the voters of Philadelphia.

THE career men in organization politics are often colorful figures. They are the most out and out human beings I know. Many of them are characters, even as Tracy Tupman, Augustus Snodgrass, Nathaniel Winkle, and their friends in *Pickwick Papers*, are characters. They have been stained by their perpetual quest for votes—the imprint of Democracy is upon them; and therein they are much alike, but in their ways, their speech, their individual habits there is entertaining and endless variety.

Portrait of a

By J. T. SALTER

But they have certain fundamental characteristics in common, as a rule. For one thing, they are nearly all avid talkers. A good listener, a comfortable chair in City Hall, an office, a ward club or a home, and the flow of conversation will continue until there is some decisive interruption. In many departments of the city government, official duties are not pressing and conditions are ideal for leisurely talk—so satisfactory that early in my investigation I learned never to make a call on a politician without a full stomach. He was no respecter of the luncheon hour, and I was always loath to end a good story.

Moreover, the politician is "of the people" and he is almost invariably interested (for one reason or other) in their personal problems. If he were not, the countless demands upon him would be intolerable. He is above all a social person—not a thinker, a reader, or a dreamer in an isolated study. He has no office hours and his door is always open. And the strongest of them know their neighbors as the rest of us know our friends. The good politician is a myriad-faceted figure in the life of his community—a social worker or missionary who does not think of reform even as an afterthought, a legal adjuster, good fellow, dramatist, diplomat, psychologist, a special agent of a vested interest (i. e. the party organization and the party organization in turn may be subservient to some railroad, utility or other private interest); and, if he is at the top, he is an employment agency, business man, and banker as well.

In addition, he usually has political "it." (One who, like Vare, lacks this attribute nearly always has superior political judgment, or wealth, or perhaps both.) Also he can usually gauge the drift of public sentiment in his district; and along with being gregarious, he has a tough skin, and is a man of action.

ALTHOUGH there are widely different types of individuals in politics, as Al Smith and Calvin Coolidge, Harding and Franklin Roosevelt, reveal, the successful ones are those that (1) stick everlastingly at it, (2) know that the kingdom of heaven is taken by violence, (3) live decades among their

a Politician

T. SALTER

people and learn to judge their wants, (4) have a flair for getting along with people, (5) have problem-solving ability, (6) and understand that politics is the science of the possible.

The life-long politician wins elections not because he is mentally superior but because of his indefatigable energy and his willingness to stay close to the people. The great majority of ward leaders have brushed elbows constantly with their constituents since they were boys in their 'teens. When Charlie Seger, the leader of the 7th ward, died in 1919 the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* published a statement that to a varying extent is true of all ward leaders:

"The main lesson to be obtained from the passing of Charles Seger is that if you give up 24 hours of a day to politics you can succeed at it."

When I asked the present ward leaders how much time they gave to politics one said: "Never out of it." Another answered, "It's like a fireman running to a fire." One of the most prominent ones explained: "To be successful in politics you mustn't count the hours; you go into the day and into the night." I have spent enough time at City Hall and at the homes of leaders to know that these answers are more descriptive than lyrical.

In view of the time that the politician gives to his subject it is surprising that his political judgment is not better. He can be far more adequately explained by his mental limitations than by his mental superiority. It's a life where lungs, liver, a strong stomach and a tough skin are primary requisites; if in addition, a person has keen intellectual power, that may be an advantage to him, but such power is more apt to lead the possessor on to other fields of activity where reason counts for more and where one can maintain his own identity and own individual will. The ward or division leader is essentially an individual with a single-track mind. His success is more clearly grounded in leg work than in brain work. Time does not permit an enumeration of errors that may be charged against the recent leadership of the organization on the score of muddled thinking.

THE great majority of strong politicians are distinguished by a habit of not breaking their word to each other or to those with whom they have personal dealings. They are loyal men, though their loyalty is of a circumscribed and personal sort. Their relations are personal throughout, like those of an old feudal state. There are serfs, barons, princes. They can grant high favors or consign one to a dungeon. Their loyalty is of the party or organization, and usually takes the form of loyalty to a leader; it is not primarily to the city or to an intangible ideal. And even though it is an immature and unenlightened loyalty, it, unless the electorate's pocket-book nerve has been painfully touched, as in 1932-33, appeals to the rank and file of the voters; a majority of them prefer a friend to a principle. Immediate concrete benefits and personal recognition weigh heavier with them than abstract canons of justice.

All of the politicians, in normal times, save for a few of the most powerful only, are "order" men. For all but the most powerful, it is believed that a step away from the leader is a step toward oblivion. The rank and file of ward and division leaders do not question why; they are told. (But a committeeman without a job is inevitably less certain in his loyalty than a leader who holds a place.)

In normal times, however, the places are plentiful enough to provide workers with a job or the hope of one, and loyalty is the rule. Of course there is always an independent group in the offing, but in 75 per cent of the elections, it remains there—in the off-

ing. (When the independent candidates win, it is because they have the support of bolting ward leaders or are helped by a tidal wave like the one that carried Democrats into power in 1933.) The generality of organization politicians live under discipline that approaches that under which men in military service live.

Politicians usually are conservative and reactionary so far as the machinery of municipal government is concerned, and so far as many social questions are concerned as well. Their interest or stake is in the present order. They always do their best to maintain the status quo, and they never champion reforms in city government unless by so doing they think that they can cripple a rival, or because they no longer can safely ignore an increasingly insistent public opinion. They are skilled in running the governmental machinery as it is now constituted but any improvement must come from energy and brains supplied from the outside.

THE politician is the voter's representative, but, as I have said before, not his preceptor in ethics. His morals are the same as those of the generality of his people. His code of right and wrong, or good and bad may differ from the ethical codes of the specialists in the fields of business, medicine, engineering and the like, but the professional politicians are on the whole no more dishonest than other people, although, as Delisle Burns has remarked, "It seems that there is more room for quackery in politics since the problems are more complex and our

WITH the 1936 presidential campaign already under way—the air sizzling with blast and counter blast and the columns of newspapers and magazines filled with gossip, comment, polls and forecasts—what better time could there be for a consideration of that individual so fond of plums—the politician?

And who, asks J. T. Salter, associate professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin, should be more interested in the politician than the newspapermen of the nation? He sketches for you in the accompanying article, presented originally before the twentieth national convention of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, his impressions of the average political figure.

Prof. Salter, author of "Boss Rule: Portraits in City Politics," has been associated with the University of Wisconsin since 1930. Prior to that date he was a member of the faculty at the University of Oklahoma, secretary of the Oklahoma Municipal league and editor of the *Oklahoma Municipal Review*; and also taught at the University of Pennsylvania and served as assistant editor of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*.

ignorance more complete than in the case of medicine," for example. And incidentally I might add that the Philadelphia politicians are as honest as American politicians generally.

The organization politician in his own eyes is a leader of men. So far as a controlling number of his constituents in certain wards are concerned, his word means more than that of the President of the United States or the Mayor. He is the de facto leader of the democratic process in his bailiwick. This leadership, however, is one-sided. The leader nine times out of ten, is dependent on orders from some other leader as to where to lead, just as his voters rely on him in order to know where to follow.

One may ask, "what of public opinion?" What indeed. The life-long politician usually holds his leadership because he has no opinion on public questions. To think and hold opinions—as posited by democratic theory—

would lead to friction, and destroy the oligarchy. He has given a lifetime of labor to the building of his leadership; he has the artist's love of his work, or the investor's interest in his capital. Risk all this for a free expression of opinion? Never! And his people would not think of asking that of him. He is their leader because of the service he gives them. This is the bed-rock basis of organization politics. A colored voter without a job, or lodged in a station-house cell, will necessarily have a different want from that felt by a railroad or large interests, but both will vote for the politician that is able to satisfy that want.

THE politician is the human bridge that spans the gap between the unseen and complex government of the Great Society, on the one hand, and the inadequate political capacity of the citizen on the other. In this rôle he often

substitutes his will for the citizen's; and in these cases, only the forms of popular government are preserved. He substitutes an apparently friendly government for an impersonal one. This is important to many people who live in a city that has been described as having a "cold eye."

Moreover, if the voter abdicates in favor of the politician on election day, the loss to Democracy may often be as properly charged to the increasingly technical nature of governmental interests, and the expansion and quality of the electorate, as to the man operating a traditional government under modern conditions.

The politician is the present's answer to an unsolved problem of democracy. Instead of merely damning the politician, we might understand him and create a situation in which his energies will be more largely used for the greatest good.

So You Want to Take a Whirl at Fiction

[Continued from page 5]

bound to be good. I'm proceeding on the assumption, of course, that you have at least a little native ability.

Meanwhile, read the pulps voraciously, to discover the type of yarn which interests you most—action, love, western, adventure, detective. Choose one—perhaps detective. Then buy all the detective pulps and read intensively. Read the writers' magazines, the books for writers, especially those dealing with the technique of plotting. "Narrative Technique," by Thomas H. Uzzell is excellent. Spend some money for a correspondence course in short story writing and for expert criticism. Get an agent and send him your stuff as fast as you grind it out.

At the end of two years, if God meant for you to write, and even perhaps if He didn't, you will be getting a few checks. If you haven't had any checks, or viewed any straws in the wind, such as nice letters from your agent, your critic or stray editors, you'd better hustle back into reporting. Your fling at free-lancing will have done you no harm, at least.

IN the beginning of this article, I spoke with what I trusted was humor regarding the subject matter of pulp stories. Don't let my facetiousness deceive you into believing that pulp

yarns are easy to write. They are not. They demand as much sheer expertness of technique as any other fiction, perhaps even more. It's as difficult to carve a good statue in sandstone as in marble, as some sage has observed.

Our truck driver friend was the lowest common denominator among pulp readers. The pulps are also read and enjoyed by doctors, lawyers, housewives, engineers, senators and even newspapermen. They read them for relaxation—to forget worry and sorrow—and they demand high skill from writers. Many pulp yarns would not seem out of place in slick magazines, and the average pulp story is probably better than the average motion picture. The movies too often are a mountain of applied scientific skill bringing forth an artistic mouse—especially since the priests and medicine men have started poking their noses into the great Harding's postmaster general's business. The pulp writer uses his mountain of artistic skill to bring forth at least a foothill. I have more admiration for such pulp writers as Erle Stanley Gardner, Max Brand, J. Allen Dunn and H. Bedford Jones than for the swarming Hemingway imitators whose self-conscious prose and spineless stories ooze across

the pages of many highbrow magazines.

In a shrewd book, "What Makes People Buy," Donald A. Laird points out that the average customer desires more romance, more masculinity, more self-esteem. Well, readers are your customers. Give them romance—dark mischief up a shadowed alley on a foggy night. Give them masculinity and self-esteem when they identify themselves with your hero who smashes his way from the nest of villains and rescues the golden-haired heroine. That's what they want. Don't be like the storekeeper in the Bowery song who tried to sell his customer socks in place of carpets.

There will come a day when you feel the urge to write something a bit more subtle and polished than the last pulp story that fell from your typewriter; something longer and slower-moving, with more emphasis on character than on plot. Life has lifted you to tiptoe and then knocked you flat. Life has poured sun on your head and bitter rain on your back. It has whispered into your ear. . . . You feel that you must tell the world what an astonishing, interesting, vile, lovable, precious thing life is. That means you are ripe to do a novel.

Well, no one is stopping you; go ahead. You will discover that pulp writing has been an invaluable apprenticeship. You can plot; you can make sentences sing and thrum like telegraph wires in wind; or pierce like

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By J. GUNNAR BACK

"TRUE" confession and "true" story magazines zealously preserve before readers the illusion that their stories are actually written by some one figuring in them. Contributions from the semi-illiterate do pour in to editors by hundreds, but these diamonds in the rough are rarely considered worth repolishing. Professional writers are the authors of "true" stories and confessions. In their way these writers are artists bringing the old-fashioned



J. Gunnar Back

melodrama up to date, and clothing it with verisimilitude.

The first fact to be remembered about writing for confession magazines, says Curtis Erickson, a contributor, is that "confessions" should be built with the same care as the short story. Mere lachrymose ramblings won't sell. Plot is necessary. The human entanglement in the confession story often arises out of physical sin. The heroine has transgressed. She suffers, yet ultimately wins a victory over conscience and society. The moral must be pointed. All this must be carefully plotted.

There are magazines which may be roughly thrown in with the confession group and yet are not properly confession magazines. For these anything that makes highly emotional romance is acceptable. The trials and tribulations of fairly honest love are the stuff out of which the stories are made. The fact that the heroine or hero speaks—preferably the heroine—injects a note of frankness and its resulting naivete. The heroine judges her mistakes from a middle-class sense of propriety. She's not the racy, saucy person of some of the pulps.

Characterizations in confession stories must be fairly definite. Though the people act in melodrama modernized, the villain is not of whole cloth, and the heroine has human failings. Society girls and working girls alike endure through the pages of true story writings, but the common folk must be literate in speech and act life-like.

In short, the emphasis should be placed on the folksy and the things folksy readers recognize as true.

If you have the girl who has made the mistake, or will make it, the shadow of the bedroom is better than the actual bedroom. Vicarious love thrills are important in the confession story. In the true story, however, the heart throbs needs not be felt over youthful love, nor do the central figures need to be young. For example, a highly successful true story, suggested by an actual case, dealt with the misguided efforts of parents to mold an adopted lad into the character of a son they had lost. The boy attempted suicide, and the foster parents saw their error and mended their ways. Newspapers are good sources for true story plots.

For Fawcett's *True Confessions* the word length should not exceed 4500. McFadden's *True Story* asks for manuscripts ranging from 50,000 to not less than 2500 words. Rate of payment: Fawcett, 1½ cents a word, McFadden 2 cents. *True Story* dangles rich prizes before the writer: \$2500 for the best story, \$1000 for the next five, \$500 for the next ten, \$250 for the next fifty. These prizes, says the announcement, are for the persons who tell the "shadow, sunshine, success, failure, tragedy, and happiness" in a simple soul's life. Only the skillful story tellers, you may be sure, win the prizes. They are, it is safe to say, professional free lancers with the gift of introducing strong emotions without being too mature or psycho-analytical.

Fawcett's *True Confessions* gets about 500 manuscripts a month. Free lance writers are attracted to this field because it seems easy. It isn't. The need for technique is seen in the fact that many confession stories, unknown to the public, are made into motion pictures. That presupposes a certain amount of dramatic arrangement in the original.

The principal true and confession magazines on the market are the following. They should be studied before writing.

True Story, *True Romances*, *True Experiences*, *Love and Romance*, all McFadden publications, 1926 Broadway, N. Y.

Romantic Stories, *True Confessions*, Fawcett publications, Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

Modern Romances, Dell Publishing Co., 149 Madison, N. Y.

The COLLEGIATE DIGEST, 8 page roto section wrapped around college dailies throughout the country once a week, wants photos snapped by student cameramen—dealing with newsworthy campus events everywhere. \$3 for photos accepted. Fred Noer is editor. Send photographs with return postage to Box 472, Madison, Wis. The Digest is also issuing a new monthly roto section for high school papers, and is interested in pictures and features.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 432 Fourth Avenue New York City, is the first serious attempt to publish a national all-sports magazine. In it are merged two golf magazines of admirable traditions—*Golf Illustrated* and the *American Golfer*. Published by Dr. Kurt Simon, former publisher of the distinguished *Frankfurter Zeitung* in the pre-Hitler days in Germany, and edited by Ronald Kirkbride, with John Escher as managing editor and Fred Wittner as associate editor. *Sports Illustrated* is reported to be a good market for sports articles and pictures. Golf is stressed but other sports find ample coverage. Rates are reported good. Anecdotes are wanted for the Locker Room department. Prizes are offered for sports photos.

The Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park Street, Boston, announces two literary fellowships for 1936, each of \$1,000 (exclusive of subsequent royalties), to be awarded to writers of promise needing financial aid to complete some literary work. Applicants must submit their projects for books (either fiction or non fiction) before April 1. Details and application blanks may be obtained by addressing the company.

RAILROAD STORIES, 280 Broadway, New York City, is offering a \$25 cash prize for the best title to the picture on its April front cover (out March 1). Each contestant limited to one title. Deadline: April 15, 1936. Award to be based on cleverness and originality. No coupon to clip. Judges: Freeman H. Hubbard, G. H. Burck, associate editor, C. H. Tate, art director.

JOHN C. BAKER (Purdue '30) recently joined the staff of Station WLS in Chicago where he is doing continuity work and some announcing. Baker formerly was at the Massachusetts State College at Amherst.

MARCO MORROW (Kansas State Associate), assistant publisher of the Capper Publications in Topeka, Kans., visited Detroit Dec. 5 to address the Wayne County Bar Association on "Can Democracy Be Saved?" before going to New York to attend the December meeting of the board of directors of the Audit Bureau of Circulation.

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Here is what one publisher says about the association:

We only recently became a member of the National Editorial Association, but are now wondering why we didn't do so long before and how we managed to get along without the service you render your members.

F. GROVER BRITT,
Clinton (N. C.) *Independent*,
Elizabethtown (N. C.) *Journal*.

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More than twenty years ago the country community newspapers of America began meeting a reader demand for interpretations of history-making events of the nation and the world by the use of Edward W. Pickard's *Weekly News Review*, syndicated by Western Newspaper Union. Today many metropolitan dailies are once each week interpreting the news of the world for their readers. That is a case in which the country newspaper, with the assistance of WNU, blazed a new journalistic trail.

• THE BOOK BEAT •

Candid Chronicle

THE STREET I KNOW, by Harold E. Stearns. 400 pp. New York: Lee Furman, Inc. \$2.75.

A brilliant and nostalgic picture of work on that strange newspaper, the *Paris Tribune*, is painted by Harold E. Stearns in his new autobiography. Mr. Stearns was racing expert for the paper when irresponsible Americans were overrunning Paris a decade ago.

"Somebody would be certain not to show up for work because he was drunk," recalls Mr. Stearns. "Secondly, somebody would be certain to show up because he was drunk . . . Either they were completely paralyzed and had to stay away or they were intoxicated just enough to be bold or defiant or stubborn in trying to do their work, when in reality they were helpless. . . .

"We had one charming story about the Prince of Wales battering out the brains of some schoolboy at a private institution in Saint Cloud (this caused an awful-if-temporary-scandal, and the two or three men responsible lost their jobs on account of it); we had stories that for sheer fantasy deserved a Pulitzer Prize for imaginative literature (the one about President Coolidge playing a trombone on the roof of the White House to welcome in the New Year was a 'pip'); we had suggestive stories, obtained by leaving out—sometimes accidentally—important vowels in words like 'count' in describing what a man went down for in the eighth round or by putting an unimportant consonant before a word like 'hit' when speaking of a certain drama's appeal to the public."

Before becoming an expatriate newspaperman, Mr. Stearns spent a boyhood in New England and was graduated with honors at Harvard. He worked with Carl Van Vechten on the old *New York Press*, described as a paper "edited by Irishmen, owned by Jews, and read by Niggers." He edited the *Dial* and lived in prewar Greenwich Village of poignant memory.

Death of his bride sent him abroad and he spent five years in the atmosphere of Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises." Mr. Stearns' story is filled with incidents involving Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, Somerset Maugham, Walter Duranty, Thorne

Smith, John Reed and others of literary renown.

Mr. Stearns had his great days, such as the one made happy by a 100-to-1 horse named Belle of Zante winning him a fortune. He also had days of poverty, misery and near blindness. He describes them all in one of the most candid autobiographies in recent years.—TOM MAHONEY, the *Buffalo Times*.

Literary Wrinkles

THIS TRADE OF WRITING, by Edward Weeks. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, for The Atlantic Monthly Press. 284 pp. \$1.75.

This is a book which will be of practical value to those engaged in journalistic or literary work and of general interest to the lay reader, who, as the ultimate consumer of the work of the writer, would know more of his methods and problems.

Mr. Weeks is admirably situated and trained to write such a book. He is at present editor-in-chief of the *Atlantic Monthly Press*, where his duties include the reading of manuscripts and the planning and editing of books which bear the Atlantic imprint. He has been an assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine, is critic in charge of book reviews in that periodicals, has been judge in eight Atlantic book competitions, and was chairman of the Massachusetts committee which, after a three-year fight, reformed the book censorship laws of the Commonwealth. He studied at Cornell, Harvard, and Trinity College, Cambridge.

Mr. Weeks' book covers a wide range of literary topics, among which are the incentives to, reasons for, and rewards of writing; methods employed by writers, including the marketing of their finished work; trends in literary forms, with special reference to the place of the essay, short story, and poetry in contemporary letters; censorship; arguments for and against literary prizes; and popular tastes in books.

Included in Mr. Weeks' narrative are a number of interesting "inside" facts about the publishing business. He reports, for example, that Ernest Hemingway's "Fifty Grand" was rejected by *Cosmopolitan*, *Scribner's*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and *Collier's* before Ellery Sedgwick saw in it a quality

which the other editors had overlooked and accepted and published it in the *Atlantic Monthly*. "Trader Horn," he reports, was passed up by three publishers before being accepted. "All Quiet on the Western Front," he continues, "sold its half a million copies after its refusal by the first American publisher to whom it was offered; and the press of which I am in charge has given two five-thousand-dollar prizes to manuscripts that had languished unrewarded for months in rival houses."

In his discussion of literary prizes, Mr. Weeks reproduces the now famous letter which Sinclair Lewis wrote to the Pulitzer committee when he refused to accept the Pulitzer prize awarded to his "Arrowsmith." He explains why Lewis later accepted the Nobel prize in literature.

Among other interesting items in Mr. Weeks' book is a tabulation of the best selling books from 1875 to 1933 with the approximate or exact number of copies of each sold, and also the twenty-five most influential books published since 1885 as selected by Dr. John Dewey, Dr. Charles A. Beard, and Mr. Weeks. Several titles appear in all three lists, including "Das Kapital" by Karl Marx, "Looking Backward" by Edward Bellamy, "The Golden Bough" by Sir James George Frazer, and "The Decline of the West" by Oswald Spengler. Sinclair Lewis likewise is included in each list, Mr. Weeks having selected "Main Street," Dr. Dewey, "Babbitt," and Dr. Beard "Main Street." Other authors appear in two or more of the lists, although the selectors do not agree upon the particular work by these authors.—JOHN E. DREWRY, Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, The University of Georgia.

Books and Authors

"Big Game," which Little, Brown & Company are offering Feb. 24, is a completely modern, hard-boiled story of football by Francis Wallace, sports writer well known for his football tales.

D. Appleton-Century Company announce that they will publish early in the new year the authorized life of William Randolph Hearst. The author is Mrs. Fremont Older, whose husband was one of the leading newspapermen of the West Coast as editor, before his recent death, of the *San Francisco Call-Bulletin*. Mrs. Older is calling her book "William Randolph Hearst, American."

The Macmillan Company will publish early in the spring Stanley Morison's "First Principles of Typography,"

which Mr. Morison says is the last thing he will ever write about typography. It will be issued as a small book to fit into the pocket of the practicing printer; its purpose is to tell in a few words the elements which go to make up the proper printing of a book.

The year 1935 was a prosperous one for Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty." The film version of this first volume of the "Bounty" trilogy so stimulated sales that a 21st printing was necessary, and the book, published in 1932, reappeared on national best-seller lists. "Men Against the Sea" went into a 15th printing, and the third volume of the trilogy, "Pitcairn's Island," reached its 8th printing. Furthermore, the new Nordhoff and Hall novel, "The Hurricane," to be published as an Atlantic Monthly Press book by Little, Brown & Co., Feb. 10, was sold serially to the *Saturday Evening Post* and the film rights were bought by Samuel Goldwyn for an almost record sum for an unpublished book.

So You Want to Take a Whirl at Fiction

[Concluded from page 12]

flung knives. Blank paper no longer scares you.

SO write your novel. It may not be published—indeed, for your artistic peace of mind five years hence, pray that it won't be; it's one prayer that's almost sure to be answered. Then write another. Even it may not be published. Write a third, a fourth. I wrote two of the lowest examples of the novelist's craft before my third one clicked. The encouraging thing is that fiction writing is incremental—the more you write, the better you write.

Fiction writing is full of disappointment, discouragement; but ah, it is also full of keen excitement, suspense, sudden joy; of telegrams at midnight and crisp checks at your breakfast; of encouragement; of comely girls rolling their eyes at you while telling you how much they enjoyed your novel which they didn't read; of kind pats on the back. I know of no more honorable or genial tribe than editors, agents, critics, publishers; perhaps because so many were recruited from the camaraderie of newspaper rooms. None of them has ever tried to crook me or kick my pants; all have treated me with amazing consideration and kindness.

Very frankly, I wouldn't trade my job as a free-lance with anyone in the world.

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Get the February Issue of THE AMERICAN PRESS and Read WHY KNOCK THE SUPREME COURT, MISTER EDITOR?

By B. C. FORBES

This is but one of the many features in the February issue giving authoritative and interesting interpretation to current newspaper news.

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THE AMERICAN PRESS

225 West 39th Street
New York City

Best News Stories

[Concluded from page 4]

itors have few objective standards for news evaluation. There is no sound reason to believe that they *know* whether Queen Astrid has more interest than some unquestionably significant economic, or political, or scientific, or social matter. Ask them why they *think* she has and you're likely to get some hoary stereotype, some editorial office tradition dating back to the Bennetts. . . . Bernard Shaw criticized the newspapers not long ago for their "time lag." There is no acceptable proof to contradict him—to show convincingly that newspapers are abreast of their readers' interests, let alone their readers' needs.

PERHAPS the most interesting thing about the six lists, however, is the magnificence of their omissions.

Here are the 20 "biggest" stories of 1935. Two minutes of recollection bring to mind these things:

There is not a word about the continuous, day-by-day stories dealing with the agricultural situation. Litigation over processing taxes, bumper crops, the end of the drought, improved farm income, the merits and demerits of the AAA—all of these don't get mention, though Barbara Hutton does.

Labor is left out of the list. A significant struggle between vertical and horizontal unionists came to a head; employment rose; the American Federation of Labor commenced a "red purge." The kidnaping of an 8-year-old boy was included, but labor wasn't.

Thirty-six thousand persons were killed on American highways—as many as died in action in the A. E. F. Newspapers conducted crusades, gave automobile accidents top heads every day. Queen Astrid was on the list, but highway slaughter in the broad was omitted.

Congress and the President set up a neutrality program for the United States that promises to alter the entire course of the country's international history. An airplane accident in

Alaska, killing two men, is the fifth best story of the year; the neutrality policy is in the dog house.

Japan continued its expansion onto the Asiatic continent in a manner that even conservative critics say is bound to disrupt the whole Pacific picture. Obviously, from the lists, this is less important than the New Jersey hippodrome.

CONTINUE the list of omissions: the bonus fight, the Townsend plan, the social security developments, the League for Social Justice, the pre-Presidential campaigning, the reciprocal treaty with Canada. Stack against these the death of Kingsford-Smith, the ascent of a balloon, the destruction of a dirigible.

The conclusion is apparent. What seems "good news" to American newspapermen, in at least five cases out of ten, is insignificant news. There can be nothing in this to astonish anybody who has read one newspaper a year in the last 20 years, or who has worked for one day in a newspaper office; but there's something depressing about it. That a newspaper made up exclusively of stories on the 20 subjects in the six lists would outsell any other newspaper that might have been put together in 1935 is probable; but that doesn't make the fact a pleasant one. And that capable newspapermen present the fact so blandly gives one pause. It may even furnish an answer to the ancient problem: Who make the newspapers, editors or readers?

Late this year there will appear a new set of "bests." It will differ only in spelling from the 1935 set; basically, it will be the same. One may only hope that somebody with less respect for the mystic number 10 and more social understanding will get up a discussion—not a list—of what has happened during the year. If the miracle occurs, you'll have something worth pasting in your scrapbook. Even if it has to cover up a list or so.

When MacDougall assumed his editorship it was agreed that he should have *carte blanche*. This 63-year-old newspaper has been traditionally a Republican paper but is unfettered by party obligation, and the editorial policy is determined only by MacDougall's ideas as to what that policy should be. Cardinal among those ideas is the belief that in the Chicago area, long the citadel of conservative editorial thought, there should be an outspoken liberal newspaper. His liberalism is a way of thinking that cuts across party lines, valuing the wisdom that is in tradition and unafraid of intelligent experimentation.

IT was his willingness to pioneer that brought him to the attention of fellow craftsmen in many parts of the country shortly after he undertook the editorship of the *News-Index*. He announced he was abolishing his editorial page. Actually, he has not done quite that. He has slain only the editorial *deus ex machina*—that impersonal, corporative voice that, veiled in anonymity, trumpets from the newspaper office Olympus. With other students of the newspaper, he has noted the public tendency to turn from some phases of the institutional journalism of the twentieth century to certain aspects of the personal journalism of the nineteenth century—from corporate leadership to personal leadership. He has watched the rising tide of editorial and reportorial columnists.

He believes it might be a good idea for all editors to come out from behind their whiskers and take off their smoked glasses. Logically enough, then, if MacDougall has an opinion to place before his readers—and he usually does have—he expresses it under his own by-line and uses the vertical pronoun in doing it, the resultant column being illustrated either with cuts and mats from the advertising service or with cartoons by his staff cartoonist. That is all. He has no other editorial writers to do an inglorious job of ghosting for him. It is MacDougall speaking.

To oldsters this suggests something of the days when Dana was the *Sun* and when "Marse" Henry Watterson appended "H. W." to editorials in the *Courier-Journal*. No longer are Evanston readers obliged to identify editorial utterances with such an impersonal source as the square yellow building west of the elevated tracks. Instead you may hear them call across the lawn as they are sprinkling their flowers in the evening: "Well, did you see what MacDougall had to say today about—?"

It Happened One Day

[Concluded from page 7]

ested auditor but as a reporter. And of course he expects the desk to edit the boss' copy when and where it needs it.

IN other words, Dr. MacDougall's position on the Evanston paper is not that of supplying the window dressing for an erudite clientele. He does, however, identify his paper with community movements by making what

the movie folk term personal appearances. When business organizations, political clubs, civic groups call upon him for an address, as they frequently do, he can and does respond. He is not stricken dumb when taken from his typewriter nor does he keep in the office a goodwill ambassador to get out and represent the paper. He does it himself.

WHO · WHAT · WHERE

An editorial on the outcome of the Hauptmann kidnap trial written by CURTIS D. MACDOUGALL, editor of the Evanston (Ill.) *Daily News-Index*, has been given the Illinois Press Association's award for the best editorial appearing during 1935 in any newspaper published in an Illinois city of more than 25,000, Chicago, excluded.

★
PAUL B. NELSON (Minnesota '26), publicity director for the Travel Guild, Inc., Chicago, spent last summer in the Canadian Rockies taking photographs to be used by the Milwaukee railroad and the Travel Guild in advertising literature.

★
LEO J. TURNER (Oklahoma '35) joined the staff of the Sherman (Texas) *Democrat* as regional news editor in the latter part of July. HOWARD VAN DYKE (Oklahoma '33) is a reporter on the same paper.

★
VICTOR F. BARNETT (Oklahoma associate), for the past 15 years managing editor of the *Tulsa Tribune*, has been appointed national advertising manager of the paper. Barnett entered newspaper work in Rochester, Ind., as a carrier boy on the *Sentinel*. Later he worked as reporter, deskman and news executive on the Madison (Wis.) *Democrat*, the Wisconsin *State Journal* and the Chicago *Evening American*. He went to Tulsa in 1920, when Richard Lloyd Jones bought the *Democrat* and changed it to the *Tribune*.

★
JOSEPH A. BRANDT (Oklahoma '21), editor of the University of Oklahoma Press, is general chairman of the state committee on the celebration of the centennial of the establishment of printing in Oklahoma. The first printing press in what is now Oklahoma was set up at Union Mission, on Grand River, in 1835.

★
S. P. OCHILTREE (Butler Associate), chief of the Indianapolis Bureau of the Associated Press, is secretary of the Indiana Associated Press.

★
Two state newspapermen and three journalism students, reports the *Sooner State Press*, were initiated into the University of Oklahoma chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, in September. They were DAVIS O. VANDIVIER, co-publisher of the Chickasha *Daily Express*, and JIM BIGGERSTAFF, editor of the *Wagoner Record-Democrat* and a recent contributor to THE QUILL, initiated as associate members, and the following undergraduates: A. CHARLES ADAMS, Crescent; FREDERICK H. GROVES, Hominy; and VICTOR KALMAN, Jamaica, N. Y.

★
COLIN RAFF (Montana '35) is assistant editor of the Mott (N. D.) *Pioneer-Press*.

THE QUILL for February, 1936

Wins Award



O. W. Riegel

Prof. Riegel, director of the Lee Memorial School of Journalism at Washington and Lee University, has been announced as the winner of the Sigma Delta Chi research award of \$50 for "the most outstanding piece of research in the journalism field during the current year." The award was given to Prof. Riegel for his recently published book, "Mobilizing for Chaos," published by the Yale Press.

The announcement of the award was made by Tully Nettleton of the Christian Science Monitor, national treasurer of the fraternity, at the joint banquet of the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism and the American Association of Teachers of Journalism in Washington.

The contest, which attracted some 25 entries, was in charge of the research committee of Sigma Delta Chi, composed of Dr. Alfred M. Lee, of the University of Kansas, chairman; Blair Converse, of Iowa State College; William P. Beazell, associate editor of *Today*; Eric W. Allen, of the University of Oregon; Lee A. White, of the *Detroit News*; Herman Roe, of the *Northfield (Minn.) News*; Fred Fuller Shedd, of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*; Roy D. Pinkerton, of the *Ventura (Calif.) County Star*; Alfred H. Kirchhofer, of the *Buffalo (N. Y.) Evening News*; Curtis D. MacDougall, of the Evanston (Ill.) *News-Index*; Dr. F. L. Mott, of the University of Iowa; and Mr. Nettleton.

★
VERNE E. JOSLIN (Minnesota Associate), editor and publisher of the *Heron Lake (Minn.) News*, is the newly elected president of the Minnesota Editorial Association for 1936.

★
DAVID BOYD (Northwestern '29), living at 1066 Glenlake Ave., Chicago, is the author of a biography of Henry David Thoreau now running serially in "Americana," quarterly published by the American Historical Society, Inc. The title is "Thoreau, the Rebel Idealist."

Reck Succeeds Pierrot On American Boy Staff

GEORGE F. PIERROT, past national president of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, has resigned as managing editor of the *American Boy* magazine, Detroit, a post he had held for 11 years.

He has been succeeded by Franklin M. Reck, another past president of the fraternity, who had served nine years as Pierrot's assistant.

Mr. Pierrot, founder of the World Adventure Series, the country's largest lecture course, will devote his entire time to the lecture series until summer. He and his bride of last August, Helen Hay Reck, secretary of the World Adventure Series, have just returned from a vacation trip in Bermuda.

★
NORMAN CHRISTENSEN and MERTON DOBAK, both 1934 graduates of the University of Minnesota Department of Journalism, are reporters on the *Minneapolis Tribune*.

★
AL CHIARAMONTE (Florida '34), who has been on the staff of the *Tampa (Fla.) Times* since June 4, 1934, has been named head reporter of that publication.

Voices of the South

[Concluded from page 9]

From this partial but representative list of contributors to the initial issue, it is apparent that the *Southern Review* is similar to the *Virginia Quarterly Review* and the *Sewanee Review* in that it is not a sectional publication in the narrow sense of the term. It is published in the South, but is interested in topics of an artistic, literary, economic, and political nature in their broader implications.

The magazine is edited by Dr. Charles W. Pipkin, dean of the Graduate School at Louisiana State University, and a man who has been the recipient of numerous academic degrees and distinctions. The managing editors are Cleanth Brooks, Jr., and Robert Penn Warren.

The typography and format for the *Southern Review*, which are quite attractive, were designed by Paul Johnston, a native of Georgia, who has studied at the Yale School of Fine Arts, the National Academy of Design, and the Art Students' League, and who has had experience with such art colonies as Provincetown, Woodstock, and Silvermine. He is the author of "Bibliotypographica" and has edited "Book Collectors' Packet."

AS WE VIEW IT

Follow Through

UP IN Minneapolis they've been trying Isadore Blumenfeld, alias Kid Cann, for the murder Dec. 9 of Walter W. Liggett, crusading publisher of the *Mid-Western American* and former editor of *Plain Talk* magazine.

If Cann is the murderer we hope that no intimidation, threats, political conniving or fixing will prevent the jury from returning the proper verdict. If he is innocent—we can only hope with the rest of the country that the actual slayer is caught and convicted.

But regardless of the outcome of the trial there are significant things left for consideration.

The slayer of Walter Liggett was not playing a lone hand—he represented the entrenched forces of evil in the Twin Cities that Liggett had been attacking. The conviction of Cann, or anyone else, will not halt the activities of those forces for any considerable time unless an enraged press and public forces drastic and continuous action.

Liggett must have been telling the truth—the neglected truth—in his paper else he would not have been slain. He must have been drawing ever closer to the sinister figures behind the scenes—frequently masked by pseudo respectability—in his charges. Had that not been so it would not have been necessary to resort to gunfire to silence him and to burglary to rifle his files in an attempt to locate the evidence he claimed to have in substantiation of his charges.

Meanwhile, attacks have been made on the integrity of the slain publisher—insinuations that have brought retaliatory charges of criminal libel on the memory of her husband from Mrs. Liggett. It is to be hoped that the truth or falsity of such insinuations will be proved—proved so convincingly there will be no question in anyone's mind as to the preponderance of evidence.

It's mighty easy to make accusations against an editor no longer able to defend himself. And we can't forget that it was in Minnesota that an attempt was made to impose an intolerable gag law on the press. Nor were we ever convinced that the criminal charges recently involving Liggett were anything more than what he termed them, "a political frame-up." He was acquitted of the charges.

So, regardless of the outcome of the trial of Defendant Cann, it seems to us there is a lot of housecleaning to be done in the grand and generally wholesome state of Minnesota—a housecleaning job that we hope the press of the state—weekly and daily—will see through to the finish.

Fancy Figures

THAT list of newspaper executives, editors, writers, and others receiving more than \$15,000 a year was mighty interesting.

It is gratifying to know that so many newspapers are financially able to pay such salaries. It is gratifying to know there are at least a few places at the top where such salaries may be had. We'd have been glad to have seen the list twice as long as it was.

Did it occur to you as you read the list that it contained rather substantial proof of the often repeated assertion

that anyone wanting to make any money in newspaper work had to get on the business side? Now we didn't make a detailed analysis of the list but a rather thorough examination indicates that the financial scales dip rather sharply and significantly in the direction of the business side of the house.

Also, it was interesting to note the rather liberal sprinkling of circulation managers and some promotion managers to be found in the list. All this seems ample justification for the feeling of the heads of some schools and departments of journalism that the business side of publishing should be taught in the classroom as well as the editorial.

Frankly, we were surprised that there were so few editors, managing editors and city editors in the list. And while discussing the situation, that list gave some indication why the average newspaperman, trying to raise his family in at least semi-decency on \$35 to \$60 a week, has such a tough time getting a \$5 a week raise.

Rotarian Roses

WE'D like to cast a few roses in the direction of the *Rotarian*, official magazine of Rotary International, which celebrated its 25th anniversary with the January issue—an issue by the way, of 84 pages.

Starting as a 12-page house-organ with a circulation of 4,000, the magazine has grown to an attractive periodical of general interest to the some 125,000 business and professional men and the 2,500 public and school libraries that receive it regularly.

Instead of being merely a club organ of the ordinary variety, filled with the sort of tripe to be found therein, the *Rotarian* presents monthly a number of articles on significant topics by men whose opinions mean something.

It is a magazine of which its editors and the sponsoring organization may well be proud—and we are happy to extend our congratulations on the silver anniversary.

Heart Balm Outlawed

THOSE juicy sources of sensational news stories—breach of promise suits with their attendant headlines such as "Follies Star Sues Rich Bachelor," "Chorine Asks Balm From Wealthy Clubman" or "Dancer Demands Damages"—are going to be scarcer from now on.

The legislatures of seven states have kicked breach of promise actions right out of the picture in the last 12 months—Indiana, New York, Michigan, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Alabama and Illinois. Eight other state legislatures considered similar legislation but for one reason or another turned it down.

Somehow we've always viewed breach of promise suits with suspicion. That suspicion was fostered by the manner in which such suits were handled. A lot of them, we figure, were nothing short of legal blackmail with the newspapers helping to collect the tribute from the victims. The abolition of such suits, it seems to us, will be a good thing for both bar and journalism.

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

kato, Minn., came this reaction by William T. Harris, Jr., city editor of the *Mankato Free Press*: "Congratulations on the snappy new cover design and improvements in typography." Ledford H. Day, editor of the *Indiana Daily Student*, Indiana University, observed: "Congratulations to whomever is responsible for the new cover of THE QUILL. It is a great improvement over the old. The contents, however, are so interesting it would be difficult to improve them."

Albert W. Bates, of Swift & Co.'s public relations department, sent congratulations to Wally Hainline for his good work in designing the cover and for the editorial quality of the issue. Dr. Harvey M. Watts, of Philadelphia, wrote that he liked the January QUILL "very much," especially the article by George Fort Milton.

We'll try to maintain the same pace throughout the year.

NOT all the letters were so commendatory, however. There was this one as well:

"Dear Sirs: This letter, as you will gather, is a protest against the snivelling success story by Harold Gray, guiding genius of Orphan Annie, in the January QUILL.

"While I believe, or rather, hope, that his attitude toward the American Newspaper Guild does not reflect the editorial opinion of THE QUILL, I fail to see how the editor can avoid taking the editorial responsibility for selecting and printing such a bigoted and vicious article.

"Since Mr. Gray's article arrived in Springfield, a strike has developed in a local sweatshop where a girl was paid \$6.98 for 51½ hours' work. If Mr. Gray has the courage of his convictions, let him come here and tell the strikers that a worker 'is worth just exactly what he can get.'

"Sincerely yours,

Milton R. Berliner,
15 Avon Place,
Springfield, Mass."

To Reader Berliner, we'd like to remark that we re-read Harold Gray's interesting discussion of newspaper comics and can't agree that it is "vicious and bigoted." Moreover, Mr. Gray's remarks concerning the Guild were but a small part of his article. Trying, as we do, to conduct a journalistic forum, we are glad to have our readers and writers express their personal convictions and opinions. Hence, both Mr. Gray and Mr. Berliner—and other readers as well—are welcome.

THE QUILL for February, 1936

TURNING from letters to headlines, we'd like to nominate for "most discussed headline of the year" that three-column, two deck line that appeared on page two of the New York Sun's "Voice of Business" edition, dated Jan. 4.

The top deck, in case you didn't see it or haven't heard of it, read:

**Two Per Cent Control the Wealth!
What of It—If They Do?**

We've already heard that headline mentioned on two radio broadcasts—and we have a hunch we'll hear more

about it as the present campaign gets hotter.

WALTER C. JOHNSTON (Washington and Lee '34) is on the staff of the Hornell (N. Y.) *Evening Tribune*.

★

O. S. GRAMLING (Columbia '27) is chief of bureau for the *Associated Press* in Pittsburgh, being in charge of Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

★

STANLEY GOODMAN (Pittsburgh '29) has been appointed vice-president of the Art-plus Hosiery Mills, Inc. Until his appointment, Goodman was sales manager of the company.

Where Were You When These Jobs "Broke"?

The Personnel Bureau continues to receive more than three calls a week from employers.

Some of the recent openings were:

State Editor, daily newspaper in a Southern state capital.

Advertising Copywriter, nationwide airline.

Copywriter, large advertising agency.

Western Manager, long established newspaper representative firm.

Reporter-Rewrite Man, financial paper in East.

Managing Editor, progressive suburban weekly, Midwest.

Public Relations Expert, large national finance corporation.

Advertising Salesman, group of weekly newspapers in same area.

Salesman-Promoter, publishing company on West Coast.

It will be to the advantage of Sigma Delta Chi members in all parts of the country to register with the Personnel Bureau. The files of registrants constitute complete applications which can be sent to employers on a moment's notice.

Have your records on file with the Bureau when that job you want comes in!

Registration fee is only \$1 for three years.

PERSONNEL BUREAU of Sigma Delta Chi

836 Exchange Ave.

Chicago, Illinois

« Ten Years of Service to Employers and Members »

●

If You Seek

A NEWSPAPER JOB

in any department

EDITORIAL « » ADVERTISING
CIRCULATION

Utilize These Important Services

1. Three 40-word "situation" ads in EDITOR & PUBLISHER.
2. A 3-month subscription, or extension, to EDITOR & PUBLISHER.
3. Registration with E & P Personnel Service for six months.
4. Preparation by us of 100 photo-litho bulletins about your qualifications and experience with your snapshot included thereon. These we send to newspapers needing a man of your abilities.

DRAFT

an ad now if you seek a newspaper connection, and send it to us with \$5.00 check or money order, to cover all the above services. A registration blank will then be sent to you. A reasonable additional percentage charge will be made when and if a position is secured through our services.

●

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●